VERSES

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Inſcrib'd to the Right Honourable

Boyle (Henry) 1st Earl of Shannon

Col. *BOYLE*;

On his being choſen Speaker to the Houſe of COMMONS of *IRELAND*.

Virtus repulſæ neſcia Sordidæ,
Intaminatis fulget honoribus,
Nec ſumit, aut ponit ſecures
Arbitrio popularis auræ.——

HOR.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

VERSES, &c.

SIR,

ACCEPT a Muſe that ſtrives her Voice to raiſe;
A Muſe ſcarce known to fame, a Foe to Praiſe;
Who dares deteſt to guild ſucceſsful Crimes,
---In venal Proſe, or proſtituted Rhymes.
Alone attach'd to the diſtinguiſh'd FEW,
A Friend to real Worth,—and BOYLE to you.

Poetick

Poetick Zeal now kindles *Pæan*'s Fires,
My Country dictates, and the Cauſe inſpires.

Hibernia riſe, your fading Lawrels rear;
Approve the HELM, the SENATE, and the CHAIR;

Pay the fond Tribute of the Muſes Toil,
Your *Vice-Roy's* SACKVILLE, and your *Speaker*, BOYLE;

Names ſo endear'd to Fame for Ages paſt,
The ſtricteſt Honour and ſublimeſt Taſte;

Foremoſt and bright on *Glory's* Record writ,
The firſt in Virtues, and the firſt in Wit:

The first great BOYLE (to him, O Muse, be just,
'Tis impious not to praise his hallow'd Dust)
Unlock'd a Maze of Science, dark before,
All Nature search'd, its Author to adore,
From trivial Hints, eternal Reasons drew,
And in an *Atom*, plac'd a *God* to view;
From Cause to Cause, Omnipotence cou'd trace,
And join'd to boundless Sense, an Angel's Grace.

To Him we owe a Wise, yet noble Line,
His Virtues still diffuse, and still refine,

Peculiar

Peculiar Merit still attends his Name,

Contemplate all, and all are Sons of FAME.

See Art and Wit, in ORRERY conspire,
And all the finish'd Soul reflects the Sire:
See BURLINGTON with Eye-enchanting Toil,

Bends the broad Arch, and swells the tap'ring Pile;
Gross Hints from Him, uncommon Grace receive,
His Art unfolds more Charms, than Nature gave.

Yet still his Mind's the most important Care,

His sweetest Draughts, and finest Stroaks are there,

On

On solid Sense to form th'ideal Plan,

To sketch th' immortal Parts, and build up MAN.

Thus works the Taste, th' exalted Genius runs,

And thus a BOYLE beams out in all his Sons.

To Him perhaps we owe, who lov'd our Soil,

That now its *Guardian Angel* chose a BOYLE.

Since in th' illustrious CHAIR your Time's employ'd,

Be just what you propos'd, and can't avoid,

In you both Nature, and Improvements tend

To form the Patriot, and endear the Friend:

Preserve

Preſerve the Laws, o're Liberty preſide,
Unmask the Villain, and the doubtful guide;
Let Juſtice guard your ſtrict unerring Word,
And round our Country wave her FLAMING SWORD.

Long have we ow'd a Senate fraught with Worth,
A Liſt of ruling Patriots, to the NORTH;
BOYLE broke the Charm, and made the NATION's Mouth,
At laſt has brought, PROMOTION FROM THE SOUTH.

NO 25 58

FINIS.